

He lispes in's neighing able to entice
A Millars Mare,
Hee'l be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuffe she utters?

Taylor. Make curtsie, here your love comes.

Woer. Pretty soule

How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtsie.

Daugh. Yours to command ith way of honestie;

How far is't now to'th end o'th world my Masters?

Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.

Daugh. Will you goe with me?

Woer. What shall we doe there wench?

Daugh. Why play at stoole ball,

What is there else to doe?

Woer. I am content

If we shall keepe our wedding there.

Daugh. Tis true.

For there I will assure you, we shall finde

Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture

To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;

Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow

And that would be a blot i'th businesse

Are not you *Palamon*?

Woer. Doe not you know me?

Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing

But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.

Woer. That's all one, I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Woer. Yes by this faire hand will I.

Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.

Woer. Ev'n when you will.

Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.

Woer. Why doe you rub my kisse off?

Daugh. Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your Cosen *Arcite*?

Doctor. Yes sweet heart,

And I am glad my Cosen *Palamon*

Has

Has made so faire a choice.

Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?

Doctor. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Doe you thinke so too?

Taylor. Yes. (growne,

Daugh. We shall have many children : Lord, how y'ar

My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely

Now he's at liberty : Alas poore Chicken

He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging

But ile kisse him up againe.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What doe you here, you'l loose the noblest fight
That ev'r was scene.

Taylor. Are they i'th Field?

Mess. They are

You beare a charge there too.

Taylor. Ile away straight

I must ev'n leave you here.

Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,

I will not loose the Fight.

Taylor. How did you like her?

Doctor. Ile warrant you within these 3. or 4. daies

Ile make her right againe. You must not from her

But still preserve her in this way.

Woer. I will.

Doc. Lets get her in.

Woer. Come sweete wee'l goe to dinner

And then wee'll play at Cardes.

Daugh. And shall we kisse too?

Woer. A hundred times

Daugh. And twenty.

Woer. I and twenty.

Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together.

Doc. Take her offer.

Woer. Yes marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woer. I will not sweete.

Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry.

Floris Exeunt.

Scena.